

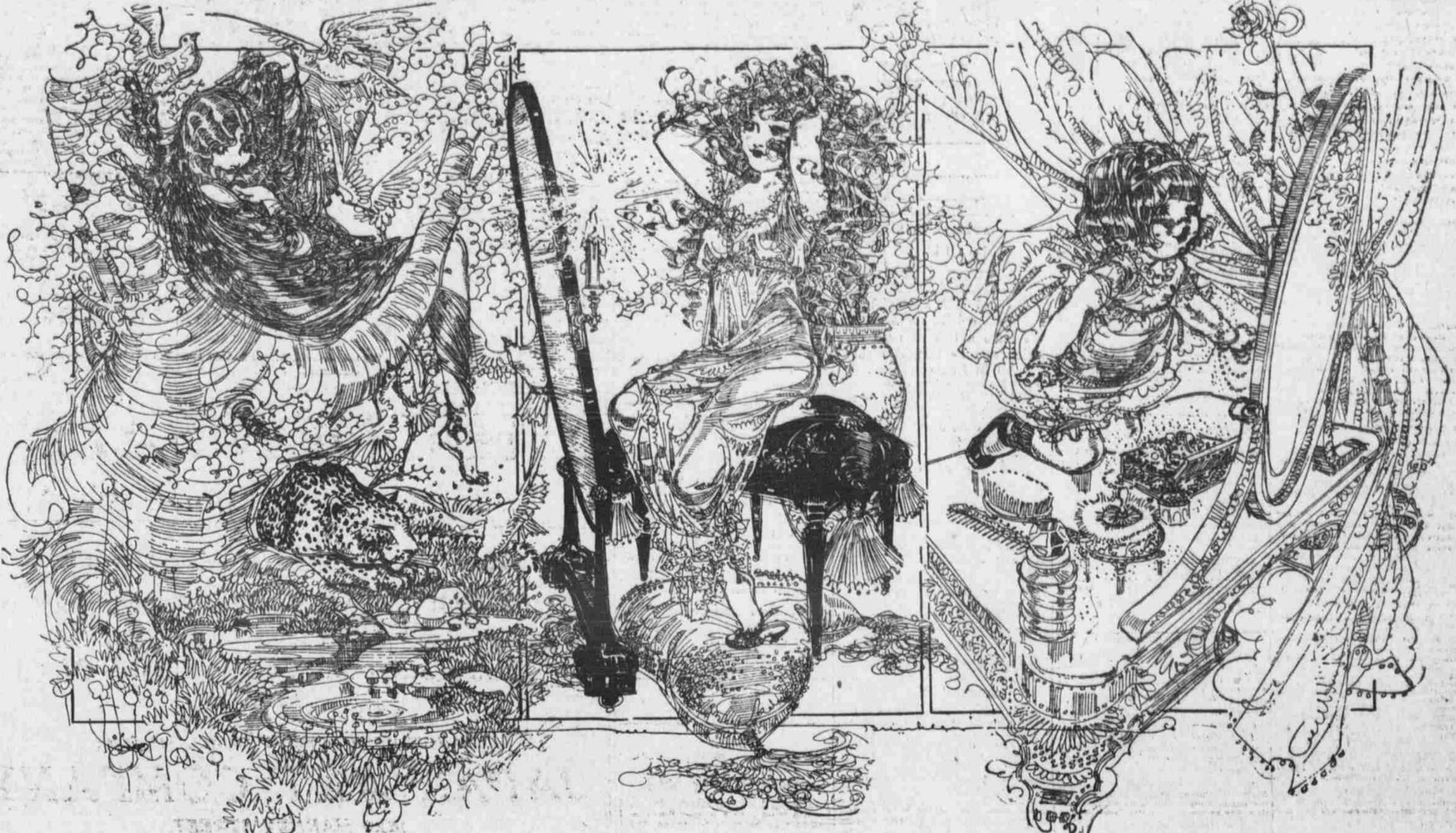
# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Our Mother Eve

## A Petal from the First Flower

## By Nell Brinkley

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### Nell Brinkley Says:

I came on a darling little kid I know the other day, crouching on her plump little knees on the slippery top of her mother's dressing table, among the sparkling crystal bottles of orange oil and beautiful golden and violet water, gazing raptly

into the mirror at her own little self. She had been to the maid's room and decorated her thin little neck with that hard-working young person's amber beads, and they hung like a ball and chain around a flower stem—but they glowed like anything, and that was all she cared! Here in her mother's jewelry box she was rioting, her little

fists full of gold beads and things that glittered, and winked as the sun struck them full. And the cynic smiled triumphantly.

"Here is our ancient Mother Eve. Always hanging herself with things and adorning her own image! Eve in the tree-nest, with her pet leopard dozing at its foot, wrapped her garment of hair

about her and found herself in the pool below. This baby's mother, another Eve, is right now, I'll wager, perched before her biggest, clearest mirror putting up her hair and smiling at her pretty face looking back. Women are vanity! From the feminine atom up.

And yet, do you know—I stood once for twenty minutes close by a great, fascinating, smooth plate-glass window. And there never passed one single man who did not take a big survey or a little peek at himself as he swung by. And about one Mother Eve to his five-did! What did that mean, Cynic?

## DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

### A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**  
Philip Anson, a boy of 15 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disinherited by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He goes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courtyard. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons suicide. Investigation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Mews, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He is married to a friend with Police Magistrate Abingdon, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the University, and is now a wealthy and athletic young man, much given to roaming. He has learned his mother was a sister of Sir Philip Morland, who is married to a girl who has a stepson. He is now looking for his stepson, Johnson's Mews has been turned into the Mary Anson Home for indigent boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with Victor Grenier, a master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated spender. Philip saves a girl from insult from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnapped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crooks lay their plans, and in the morning Philip arranges an escape from Evelyn, warning Philip of danger is opened and read, and Grenier tells Mason to call Anson's servant. He finds Anson's check book, and with Jockey Mason sets out for the railroad, meeting and chatting with a rural policeman on the way. Grenier goes to York and opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abingdon and Miss Atherly.

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would have been necessary. In the case of Philip Anson, the millionaire, a man who handled thousands so readily, it was needless. Moreover, his procedure was unexceptionable—strictly according to banking business.

Grenier rushed off to the station, caught a train for Leeds, went to the bank of a different company with different London agents and carried through the same maneuver.

He returned to York and secured the services of the hotel typist. He wrote to Philip's bankers:

"I am transacting some very important private business in the north of England and have opened temporary accounts with the bank in York and the bank in Leeds, and I shall need a considerable sum of ready money. Possibly I may also open accounts in Bradford and Sheffield. Today I have drawn two checks for £5,000 each. Kindly let me know by return the current balance of my credit, as I dislike overdrafts and would prefer to realize some securities."

The next letter ran:

"My Dear Abingdon: Excuse a typewriter, but I am a horribly busy. The Morlands affair is a purely family and personal one; it brings into activity circumstances dating far back in my life and in the lives of my parents. Sir Philip is not dying nor even dangerously ill. Lady Louisa is in Yorkshire and I am making arrangements which will close a long-standing feud."

"Write me here if necessary, but kindly keep back all business or other communications, save those of a very urgent character, for at least a week, or perhaps, ten days."

"Sorry for this enforced absence from town, it simply cannot be avoided and I am sure you will leave a detailed explanation until we meet. I have signed the enclosed annual report of the home. Yours sincerely,

"PHILIP ANSON."

Grenier dictated this epistle from a carefully composed copy. He understood the very friendly relations that existed between Philip and his chief agent, and he thought that in adopting a semi-apologetic, frankly reticent tone, he was striking the right key.

The concluding reference to the Mary Anson home was smart, he imagined, while the main body of the letter dealt in safe generalities.

Naturally, he knew nothing of the conversation between the two men on this very topic a couple of months earlier.

But Langdon's ample confessions had clearly revealed Philip's attitude, and the

unscrupulous acroindrels was willing now to dare all in his attempt to gain fortune.

While he was dining, a telegram was handed to him:

"You forgot to send your address, but Mr. Abingdon gave it to me. So grieved you are detained. What about blue atom?"

"EVELYN."

Did ever woman invent more tantalizing question than that concluding one? What was a blue atom? No doubt, creation's scheme included blue atoms, as well as black ones and red ones. But why this reference to any particular atom? He tried the words in every possible variety of meaning. BLUE ATOM. They became more inexplicable.

In one respect they were effective. They spoiled his dinner. He had steered himself against any possible form of surprise, but he was forced to admit that during the next three days he must succeed in persuading Evelyn Atherly that Philip Anson was alive and engaged in important matters in Yorkshire. That was imperative—was his scheme to be wrecked by a blue atom?

Moreover, her query must be answered. His promise to write was, of course, a mere device. It would be manifestly absurd to send her a typewritten letter, and, excellently as he could copy Philip's signature, he dared not put his skill as a forger to the test of inditing a letter to her, no matter how brief. Finally he hit upon a compromise. He wired:

"Stupid of me to omit address. Your concluding sentence mixed up in transmission. Meaning not quite clear. Am feeling so lonely. PHILIP."

Then he tried to resume his dinner, but his appetite was gone.

In postal facilities, owing to its position on a main line, York is well served from London. At 9 p. m. two letters, one a bulky package and registered, reached him.

The letter was from Mr. Abingdon. It briefly acknowledged his telegram, stated that a man in the Atheneum, who knew Sir Philip Morland, had informed him, in response to guarded inquiries, that the baronet was exceedingly well off, and called attention to some important leases enclosed which required his signature.

The other note was from Evelyn. It was tender and loving, and contained a reference that added to the mystification of her telegram.

"In the hurry of your departure yesterday," she wrote, "we forgot to mention Blue Atom. What is your opinion? The price is high, certainly, but, then, picture the joy of it—the only one in the world."

And, again, came another message: "I referred to Blue Atom, of course. What did the postoffice make it into?"

"EVELYN."

Blue Atom was assuming spectral dimensions. He cursed the thing fluently. It was high priced, a joy, alone in solitary glory. What could it be?

He strolled into the station and entered into conversation with a platform inspector.

"By the way," he said, casually, "have you ever heard of anything called a blue atom?"

The man grinned. "Is that another name for D. T.'s, sir?"

Grenier gave it up, and resolved to postpone a decision until the next morning.

By a late train Philip's portmanteau arrived. It was locked, and the key reposed in the housekeeper and the butler, locked it again without disturbing any of the other contents, and handed the key to the butler, who placed it in the silver pantry.

In the solitude of his room, Grenier burst the lock. The rascal received one of the greatest shocks of his life when he examined the contents—a quantity of old clothing, some worn boots, a ball of twine, a bed coverlet, a big iron key, the tattered letters, and a variety of odds and ends that would have found no corner in a respectable rag shop.

He burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" he cried. "What a treasure! The Clerkenwell suit, I suppose, and a woman's skirt and blouse. Oldimers, too, by their style. His mother's, I expect. He must have been fond of his mother!"

At that moment Jockey Mason, bearded and resentful, was reading a letter which reached his lodging two hours before his arrival, in an envelope bearing the ominous initials—O. H. M. S.

It was from Southwark police station.

"Sir: Kindly make it convenient to attend here tomorrow evening at 8 p. m. Yours truly, T. BRADLEY, Inspector."

The following day it was Mason's duty to report himself under his ticket-of-leave but it was quite unusual for the police to give a preliminary warning in this respect. Failure on his part meant arrest. That was all the officials looked after.

"What's up now?" he muttered. "Anything, Grenier was right. This gives me a castron alibi. I'll acknowledge it at once."

His accomplice, hoping to obtain sleep from champagne, consumed the contents of a small bottle in his bedroom, while he scanned the columns of the local evening papers for any reference to a "Beside Mystery" on the Yorkshire coast.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## Dancing :: An Expression of Joy in Life-- Most Natural of Our Impulses

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Dancing is an expression of joy in life. When love for his Maker awoke in man the dance began.

As far back as history reaches we find dancing associated with religious rites.

Dancing comprises all the other arts.

A beautiful dancer expresses poetry, music, sculpture, painting, all in the dance.

Besides being the most beautiful of all arts, it is the most healthful of all exercises, when enjoyed under right conditions.

Besides being the most healthful, it is the most moral of exercises.

Young people who are given training in dancing and allowed to dance frequently in clean, wholesome environments and under wise chaperone utilize surplus vitality, which, when suppressed by rigid rules or bigoted ideas, oftentimes results in mischief and disaster.

Take the old-fashioned religious communities where dancing is regarded as a sin and there are always to be found numerous cases of hysteria among the young girls and various nervous maladies among the youths. No proper outlet for their superabundant young vital forces has been provided, no escape valve.

Little children dance before they have ever seen dancing; little kittens, and little puppies, and all small animals dance with the joy of existence.

The waves of the sea, the leaves of the trees, the grasses of the meadow—all dance. The sunbeams dance; and light itself is ever in motion.

The man and woman who have never learned the joy to be experienced in dancing have missed a great happiness.

And they have missed a means of physical grace.

The present renaissance of the art of dancing is remarkable.

For a decade, at least, before the tidal wave rose, young men fled from ball rooms and left girls to find partners among themselves.

The woman who had passed 30 apologized if she was seen dancing; and married people were afraid to express a love for the diversion lest they be ridiculed.

A beautiful and healthful and enjoyable art seemed on the decline.

Then suddenly a change, an awakening of dull minds; a limbering; new in-

terest in the oldest of all arts.

The dance was reborn. And youth was reborn in the hearts and bodies and minds of men and women of all ages.

Grotesque, abnormal, unbecoming and even vicious were the early contortions of this reborn art. It seemed like some strange creature which had been shut in the dark so long that it became half insane when let forth once more into the full light of day.

So cramped had it been with its incarnations that it flung itself about in curious contortions to make certain of its freedom.

But those contortions are now becoming graceful movements; and the insane exuberances of liberty are resolving themselves once more into the primal meaning of the dance—the joy of life.

Nothing more absurd, nothing more unreasonable, could be than the ban placed by various individuals on dances bearing certain names.

One sees flaming headlines announcing that somebody in power, socially or otherwise, has sent forth an edict against the "tango" or some other new dance.

As reasonable would it be to decry walking because it is possible to walk indently.

As reasonable would it be to brand music as an agent of the devil because the vicious minded put to evil purposes by the vicious dances. There were certain curious dances, which sprung forth like fungus growths, and lasted for a night and a day, bearing unwholesome names.

The "turkey trots" deserved to be tabooed; more particularly because of the suggestion of the baryard, and the most ungraceful of fowls, than for its own inherent wickedness. It was vulgar rather than wicked. Dancing is an art, and should suggest only the artistic and the beautiful. It belongs with perfumes, with flowers, with statuary and music; with gladness and rejoicing.

Long ago, in eastern lands, devout and reverent souls danced songs to the rising sun, and today in those lands there are dancers in the temples who devote their lives to sacred rites, and who live purely and sweetly that they may be worthy in the eyes of their Creator to perform the religious dances.

There are moral minded men and women who have associated every evil meaning with the word tango.

Yet the tango is graceful, artistic and beautiful, as the minuet, when properly danced.

It is as innocent of anything injurious to the morals of the young as skipping the rope.

Instead of selecting some one or two new dances to decry, our well meaning moralists should decry indelicate attitudes or suggestive movements in all dancing. The same moralists make no protests

against the waltz and two-step.

Yet both of these dances can be made quite as objectionable as any of the most modern inventions if the participants so wish.

When the waltz was first introduced in the ball room it created as great excitement and as violent protests as the modern dances are creating. Lord Byron, who was debarr'd from the pleasure by lameness, exhausted his vocabulary of invective against the immoral waltz.

Let us be sensible and reasonable. The dance is reborn; and it must live its life. It must do its work. It must be met as a factor in social life. Instead of attempting to crush it, or abolish it; instead of saying to our young people, "You can dance and two-step, but you must not learn any of the new dances; they are indecent," let us say, "Learn all the new dances, but be modest, decent, graceful and well behaved on the dancing floor."

"Dance only with your friends, and in the environment which is respectable and safe from intrusion of the undesirable. Show all observers how beautiful a thing dancing may be."

And to our older people let us offer hearty congratulations that they no longer need apologize or explain when owing to a love of the art of all arts.

For today, the man or woman who does not dance is the exception. He or she needs to explain why.

Not the dancer.

A healthier world, a happier world and a more normal world will result from the welcoming of this art than from its suppression.

And the world at large is to be congratulated, that a recreation has come into vogue, which brings the sexes together.

For many years there has been a tendency, especially in America, toward separate pleasures for men and women. Men herded in clubs, women in clubs of their own, motion picture rooms, where the eternal and brain-dwarring and body-stiffening bridge game was pursued. Cards are excellent friends to the human race when indulged in occasionally. But nothing is more arresting to mental development, nothing is more unhealthful and unsocial than a card mania, such as the bridge-fobia, which has now given place to the dance-fobia.

Women who spent entire days over the bridge table, beginning in the forenoon and ending at midnight, now meet their men friends at musical dances in the afternoon, or balls in the evening. Men who were always in their clubs, when not in their offices, drop in at musical teas and enjoy dancing at their own homes or at the homes of their friends in the evening. On with the dance. It will make the world more wholesome.